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PATHFINDER



AUGUST

1964

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PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS
OF THE INMATES

PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

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The Pathfinder

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I am going to take odds with the reprint that was contained in last month's issue of Pathfinder. It was written by a man who chose to dub himself with the dubious nomenclature of "Mr. Upright Citizen". The general context of the article was that he, an employer, would never even remotely consider hiring an ex-convict, because he felt that prisons served only to make a feelingless shell out of what was once a man. I disagree with him. And I should know.

This gentleman obviously reacted to the conditions he found in prisons rather than to the prisoners themselves. I am certain that he is not about to ask us to believe that our penitentiaries are loaded with nothing but humans turned zombies. Or is he? I don't think he bases his rather dogmatic opinions on the actual hiring of convicts and of personally experiencing the terrible faults he attributes to them. If he did then he would have a sound argument.

He blames the penal program in vogue today for creating worthless monsters out of men. I can understand this to a certain degree, and he is right. But he goes many miles astray when he places the blame on the government for our present day archaic prison systems. Who supports the government? Who advocates the government's policies for prisons and conditions, programs and atmospheres of these prisons. It's Mr. Upright Citizen himself, and thousands of others cast in the same mold.

It's more than easy to find fault with prisons today. I do, every day. In fact, I took a half day off yesterday and figured out just what it is that I like about this place: Nothing! But disliking it isn't going to make it any better, and it's not going to make it disappear either. Prisons are here! They're here with their poor conditions and all, and they're going to stay for many years to come. They will, in time, become far more modern in both structure and policy, but that will not affect in the slightest the character of the men who live in them. As now, some will be capable of good, and some won't. But to even suggest, as this man did, that "all" prisoners are unfit to work in social surroundings after release from prison is to be guilty of a viciously narrow point of view.

This gentleman is but one of thousands who have made the same error. He employs collective definitions for individual entities. Because perhaps one convict becomes surly, hard, bitter and unfit to work is no reason to believe that "all" convicts will be no different. They will and they are. Prison does not affect any two men the same way. I grant that for some it does irreparable damage, both mentally and physically. But there are two sides to every coin, and for every man that prison turns sour or poisons, there is another that it corrects or re-socializes.

In keeping with the reprint, and knowing that it is a widely shared opinion, I am compelled to wonder how many men there are that prison has actually helped who have been forced, through displays of bigotry such as this, to return to crime. I employ the word "forced" consciously and with good reason. A man forced to take a second-best alternative is one who is thwarted effectively in the persuance of his first goal. That is what people like Mr. Upright Citizen do to their fellow men. They force them to take that unwanted alternative. They force them back to crime. I don't care how solid or tenacious a man's ideals are when he leaves here; if he doesn't get at least an even chance to begin again then he is not going to make it! And he can beat his hands and face both bloody with frustration and it is not going to move the granite head or heart of Mr. Upright Citizen!

This gentleman is the epitomy of ignorance in the world today. Ignorance toward men by men. I don't and can't find any toleration for it, any justification for it, or any sane reason for it. But it is here. You read about it last month.

In ending this month I would like to leave this with Mr. Upright Citizen. He stated that with the intensely crowded conditions in prisons today, the staff have their hands full merely keeping us, and no time whatever to spend on "redeeming human values". He is right, but he is also wrong. The staff here, and in any prison in the world for that matter, have never, as I see it, been instrumental in redeeming the values of any convict in their charge. They never have and they never will. The convict, friend citizen, is his own redeemer! If he changes, and hundreds are doing it every year in every prison on earth, it is for one reason and one reason only. It is because he, alone, wishes to change. The desire is his, the motivating factors are his, and the change itself is his. Independently his. When the convict, any convict, makes a change for the better, he doesn't need the help of anyone. He helps himself. But he does need your help later. He needs your help desperately if he is to sustain that change when he gets out of here, when he is a member of your world again.

Put your hand out to him and he will make it; Stay as you are Mr. Upright Citizen and you will destroy him! doug.

MONTHLY REPRINT OF THE MONTHLY

*toronto
globe &
mail*

SAMARITAN HELPS

BY LEX SCHRAG

HIKER FIND WAY

(Editor's note: Lex Schrag is a feature writer with the Toronto Globe and Mail who recently wrote to this magazine (see letters to editor). Enclosed in his letter was his latest column and his kind permission to print it.)

"For a man to help another is to be a god."

- Pliny the Elder
Perhaps unintentionally, the populace sometimes takes politicians seriously. Reform Institutions Minister Allan Grossman has said if the public wants to reduce the cost of crime it must help discharged prisoners find jobs and settle down to a workaday life. The churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of assurance in the easterly optimism of Scarboro,

recently learned of the somewhat surprising application of this advice.

There is an individualistic and mildly insular colony of ex-urbanites hidden in the woods



beyond Metro's rim. It consists of professional people, upper-echelon civil servants and creative characters with a sprinkling of prosperous businessmen.

One of the colonists was trundling along the highway on a rainy day. He overtook a pedestrian who had no raincoat and offered the man a ride, though he had made no attempt to thumb a lift. The motorist asked a few questions, which his guest was reluctant in answering. Finally, the rider asked his host to stop the car.

"Look," he said, "I've just been released after nearly 20 years in the penitentiary. I don't know how to talk to people. I'm trying to get a job up north. Now if you like I'll get out."

The driver was a small, middle aged chap. His passenger was over six feet, and burly; he said he had been sent to prison for an act of violence. The drivers reply insured him an enthusiastic welcome when he raps at the Pearly Gates.

"What the hell do you want to get out for? You're wet, and you look half-starved. Come on home with me, and get a bite to eat."

At home, the impromptu Sammaritan did a little judicious probing. His guest had \$10. when he left prison; he needed \$7.50 of it to obtain a license to practice his trade when he went to Northern Ontario. He had slept in waiting rooms until told to move on, and had walked the streets, he said, until dawn.



He was scared to death of his hosts wife. "I don't know how to talk to women," he explained. "I haven't seen one for nearly 20 years."

He worked like a beaver about the house, tiling a bathroom for his host and making other alterations with the skill of a trained artisan. In return, the householder went the rounds of his neighborhood, mooching clothes for his guest.

At last, decently clad and with a bit of money in his pocket the man who had served his sentence left for the bush. He took with him the best wishes of his host and of all the well-to-do people of the district who had met him.

We receive many penal magazines from all over the world. The other day I came across a new penal magazine from Russia. Here are a few excerpts from their magazine: "THE SOCIALIST CELLMATE".



WARDEN:

Ivan Penalkoff

IS DEPUTY COMMISSAR:

Vladimir I. Jailovich

SOMEDAY WARDEN: (could be anytime)

Nick Lockmup

APRIL 64 - STATISTICS - APRIL 64

Peasant Count	5,000
Transfers to Siberia	4,000
Paroles	(see transfers)
Deaths	24 37 80 (wait till May)
Escaped	(see deaths)
Unconditional Release	YURI GAGARIN
Men Under Sentence Of Life	(see peasant count)
COPIES OF DAS KAPITAL distributed to inmates	5,500

WARDENS COURT

JAN CONVICH: - Charged did smuggle Canadian wheat into people's dungeon No. 5 for dastardly purpose is to be making bread.

PUNISHMENT: - Was persuaded in friendly manner is now better read editorial of Capitalist Propagandist Totalitarian Doug Bevanskoff of Pathfinder or go to whipping post. (He chose whipping, naturally)

MIKHAIL LIFECHUK: - Did dare approach Commissar Lockmup and ask for ONE HOUR to attend Krushchev lecture.

PUNISHMENT: - In view of fact this is not particular too bad a crime against state we saw fit to add only little bit of years to sentence at inner Mongolia Rehabilitation Mines. He is really not a bad boy this Mikhail....

Inquirer's Beat



Solicited and compiled by the Pathfinder Staff
Written by Vern Larson

For the Inquirer's Beat this month the Pathfinder staff has conducted a poll of over 150 inmates of this institution.

Each inmate polled was given a questionnaire to fill out and return to us; we in turn guaranteed the privacy of their answers, and asked only honesty and sincerity in their replies.

And that is just what we received.

These men ranged anywhere from 18 years of age to 60; some were first offenders; some were 6, and even 7, time losers; they are serving everything from 2 years to a lifetime; and they committed every crime from conspiracy to murder.

We asked these men if they thought they would come back, and why they thought so.

We asked these men their crimes, their sentences, and their criminal records.

We asked them why they were here?

Here is what they have to say.

STATISTICS

The final count of the poll showed we had questioned 112 inmates whose average sentence is slightly under 5 years.*

±20% were doing the minimum (2 years) and 8% were grinding out

the big one. The most prevalent crime is breaking and entering, with False Pretences running a close second. 16% had a small or no criminal record; 52% had a lengthy but not serious, or serious but not lengthy record; and

*(Life sentences were figured as a sentence of 25 years.)

±(All percentages taken to the nearest whole number)

32% had a bad one.

DISPARITY IN SENTENCES

While most statistics tend to be rather dry, they do tell a story. The poll here told a shocking, but old, story of the inequality in justice.

The figures brought forth, again and again, the story of men with similar backgrounds, similar criminal records, and identical crimes, receiving very dissimilar sentences.

Of the 22 men who are serving sentences for breaking & entering 20% of them had a small or no criminal record; but their terms go from 2 to 4½ years. The 30% who had comparable medium sized records are serving 2 years to 4 yrs. The bad record men go from 2 yrs. to 5 years.

Again, with the 16 who were serving time for conspiracy, disparity was plainly evident. Placing these men in the small, medium, or bad record categories, we find them doing, 2 to 9 years, 2 to 5 years, and three to ten years respectively.

One case in point showed two men with almost identical records (both bad) serving 3 years, and 8 years, for almost identical crimes.

Another case shows two men, both with alike records and equivalent crimes, serving the very opposite extremes of time. One is doing two years, the other is doing life.

And it goes on and on.

No doubt circumstances surrounding the crimes could explain some of the differences; but not all. Not all.

"ARE YOU COMING BACK"

The question as to whether or not the men thought they would be back or not provided a mild surprise. They seem to be split right down the middle; about half say "yes" and half say "no". Only a very small percentage said they "don't know" or "can't tell", and they were unanimous in their reasons. One quote will serve them all.—"A person in jail thinks one thing, and when he gets out he forgets all the bad times he had while in here. So I'll just have to wait until I'm on the street to find out, 'cause as of now, I really don't know."

"I'll BE BACK"

Almost half the men thought they would be coming back. Why? The largest percentage of this group (46%) blamed society; and to add weight to their argument, the figures show that the whole group is almost exclusively made up of persons here for at least the second trip. The words differ slightly, but reasons are the same. To a man this 46% feel that being an ex-con is just too heavy a cross to bear.

25% of this group seem to feel that they are paying far too heavy a price for the mistakes they made. They want to get even. They put a price tag on the time

they have done, and have sworn to make society pay. As one put it, "I'll never quit a loser.", or another "---I'm hooked too bad to quit now---"

Now comes a bit of a shocker. A cool 22% of the group admitted to be professional thieves. They disdained any interest whatsoever in any other form of existence, and with cold calculation, pointed out the heavy odds against living indefinitely from the proceeds of crime. It seems, however, that the odds are something they are quite willing to buck. "I'm geared to this sort of life", says one, and "Yes, I'll probably be back, maybe not right away, but a thief can't be lucky forever.", another explained. The remaining 6% gave a variety of answers.

"I WON'T BE BACK"

Almost half the group said they will not return. A few interesting facts turned up here. First, almost all (88%) of the first offenders and men with small or no criminal records showed up in this group. Also all those men serving sentences for crimes of passion --murder, manslaughter, attempted murder, wounding with intent, etc.---turned up here.

This group can be divided into three general categories: Those who feel they have solved their particular problem; those who feel they have enough going for them

when they leave, to prevent the necessity of returning to crime; and those who feel they have reached the end of their rope, and fear the consequences if they slip another time. The only real surprise came in the percentage of the last category. They comprised almost 26% of the total. A standard reply was, "With three previous gun beefs I feel that I would probably get life next time around. I just don't feel its worth it any more."

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

When we asked the men, "What do you think is the underlying reason for your being here?" I think we bit off more than we could chew. A great many didn't know, and the rest volunteered such a variety of answers that they defy categorization. But for the record I'll list some of the categories under which they fall: Various and sundry emotional problems, alcohol addiction, desire for quick and easy money, desire for success, laziness, dire need of money, bad temper, drug addiction, self pity, inability to cope with society, traumatic experience at childhood, and a biological deficiency. In a less abstract vein, a good number said they are here because someone informed on them, and of course there was the ever present group who were framed.

In conclusion, we wish to thank the men who contributed. We feel that the results were both informative and interesting, and that they reveal a fairly accurate glimpse of the prisoners and their feelings.



INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG BEVANS

It is early in the morning, another drab prison morning, and I'm puzzling over an idea for this issue. I am sitting, quietly, behind the cross-hatched bars of my cell door. It is silent in the prison this morning. A week-end is here and the majority of my fellow convicts are outside in the yard, forcing their minds to become occupied in one of several competitive games, or else walking, slowly, around the inside perimeter of the wall. They are passing the time until lunch, until next week, until freedom.

Why are these men here? Who are these men? They are here because they have ruptured, one way or another, some social mandate, and these men are convicts. What is a convict? He is an old man, a young man, or an old-young man. He is a misunderstood good man. He is an understood bad man. He is every man in the world. He can be anyone. Some of you who are reading this are convicts, some of you have been convicts, and some of you will be convicts. None of you are immune, all of you are eligible. This is not an exclusive club. You don't have to be a rampant, running-at-the-mouth psychopath to gain entry here. You just have to be human and alive.

Some of the people on the outside today, especially the younger generation, have come to think that being a convict is some form of status symbol, that membership here should be consciously sought for. So.....

In preparation for some of you who will be joining the club, or who wish to join but are not certain how, I will take this opportunity to edify you concerning the entry procedure. It is not essentially difficult and I doubt if you would have too much trouble with it in any case, but it is always more pleasant when a person is prepared. We can bypass the crime that you must commit to get here. There are literally hundreds in the Criminal Code to choose from and I certainly don't want to take any portion of the thrill and adventure of that choice away from you. But choose carefully because you may only have this one chance. After you have picked the crime, there is actually very little left between you and the penitentiary. However, if you should

happen not to be caught at your first operation, don't be too disappointed. Sometimes things happen that way. The main thing is to keep trying! You'll make it. We all did.

Let's go ahead a few days now. We'll say you've been caught, dramatically I hope. It always reads better in the papers that way. When you go to court, plead guilty right away. It's much easier and faster that way. Now, depending on what feats of derring-do you have performed and how thorough your disregard for law and order has been, a thunder-faced Magistrate or Judge, with much shaking of head and wringing of hands, will hurl verbal invective at you for an hour or two. I have found with past experience that the best method for bearing up under this tirade is to appear tired or bored by the whole thing. Yawning is definitely recommended. And slouching in the dock is always helpful, especially when coupled with tuneless humming and vacant staring around the court-room. You will find that the Magistrate may become a trifle hysterical at such a display, but I assure you it will have a marked effect when it comes time to pass sentence. He will say many unpleasant things about you, but don't take offence. It's all part of the wonderful game of becoming a member of our club. Sort of a preliminary initiation to test your reactions. After all, once you obtain your membership, you will have to accept this type of thing almost daily.

If he should start talking about having to protect the rest of the human race from characters like you, grin your appreciation at him. Because that kind of talk means only one thing; you've made it! And if you think he's taking altogether too long with the whole thing, you can graphically illustrate it to him by turning around and facing the gallery. You'll be surprised at the results of this little prank. You can generally count on gaining a year for every second your back is turned.

After the lecture, the important part of the day comes. The part where the Magistrate gives you your membership to the club. Depending on how bad they think you are, how much havoc you have created in the court-room, and how much your antics have infuriated the Magistrate's ulcer, the sentence you will receive should be fairly substantial. If it isn't as much as you expected or feel that you're entitled to, you can always cut and run: that's good for at least another two years.

In a few days you will be coming to the clubhouse, the penitentiary. You will be seeing life from the inside for possibly the first time. You're not here yet, but I can bet you are going to be surprised. It won't be at all like you thought it would be. I'm going to leave you now and pick you up again next month. Then, with your co-operation, I will bring you and all the people who are reading this through the procedure of entry here.

Until then, young man, I am yours securely, "Inside Looking Out."



Nightkeeper's Report

- 1882

J. H. Purves

Excerpts from the Nightkeepers Journal at Southern Michigan Prison in 1887. Reprinted from the Spectator, Jackson Michigan. This one comes to us via "Presidio".

February 21st - Convicts were uneasy all evening. Had to put the bat to the bottoms of two of them. Hanibal the Bear and Emery O'Toole. The latter always gets heavy handed, as time draws towards St. Patrick's Day, however in Hanibal he met his match. Due to our severe housing problem, I had O'Toole put in Hanibal's cell. Both are big and usually playful, but they overplayed. In the fight, Hanibal bit off O'Toole's nose.

When asked how O'Toole would smell, with his nose chewed off, Hanibal the Bear growled, "As he always did - bad."

February 22nd - There has been complaints about the convicts holiday dinner, more than usual. O'Toole with his snoot swathed in gauze bandage, and back in his cell, says, "Those hot dogs ain't hot, but cold; And what, in #%&##

name, makes them taste like Sham-rocks, boiled in tallow.

February 23rd- A big raw boned individual arrived today, and to-night, I put the bat to him within an hour after I came on duty. I first chalked him in his cell, for your scrutiny, then, when he addressed me as "Old Walrus Puss," I sent him to the Tower Cell and ordered his window cracked somewhat. His number is 3030; his name is Jonah Farthingale (which I suspect is an alias); and he is the best woodcarver to come out of the east. Said he was en-route to Washington state, "To kill coyotes with my bare hands; and to whale hell out of Siwash Indian braves, if they get in my way. Now go hunt your fish, Old Walrus Puss. Go hunt your fish."

March 1st - For some time now, if I'm any judge, one of the older convicts has been cracking up mentally, Conway, No. 64, who has been here since 1884, came to me tonight while the line was being locked in cells and decried the story of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland.....

• • • • • by gerry huppe

Hi there sports fans. Well it happened, the mighty Yankees won. They boast the following line up: "Bergen(manager), Yaggey, Henderson, Quiring, Balharry, Petrie, Mack, Cigar Kitchmonia, Evans and LaMarsh. They were hard pressed by the Red Sox, managed by Steve Holawaty, to take the semi-finals. Why nobody gave them a ghost of a chance at the start of this best of seven series, however, if the Yankees didn't know they were beatable, they know now.

All in all after the dust had settled, and all the tears were dried we found the Yankees in the finals against the Raiders.

As for the Raiders and Tigers in the other half of the semi-final; the Raiders, with some good pitching by Gene Graulx, took Cliff Duhamels Tigers in four straight games.

However, if some of the fans were standing around Ronnie Fontaine, they would think that the lip, Clay, has nothing on him. As before every Raider game, all one could hear is how bad the score would be, against the Raiders of course.

The fourth Raider - Tiger game was the one to watch, as in the seventh the Tigers had to use their young rookie fielder, why fan you would think the T.V. cameras were on this rookie fielder, who happens to be the Tigers manager. So I believe he should be awarded somehow, so lets call him: ROOKIE of the DAY.

Snow, rain, and just about everything else has halted all playoff games from being completed. At time of writing the Yankees are leading the Raiders of A. League, three games to two.

The first game had to go twelve innings to determine a winner, the Yankees were the winners by a score of 5 to 4. The second game which took only one hour to play, was won by the Raiders 4 to 0., with Gene Graulx showing good pitching form. The third game the Raiders won also, this time by a score of three to two. However the Yankees evened things up by taking the fourth game 5 to 4. In the fifth game the Yankees jumped off to a 4 to 0 lead, only to see the scrappy Raiders tie it up in the top of the ninth, only to have the Yankees score a run in the bottom half of the inning to win the game 5 to 4.

Now as I strolled over to B. diamond the other day, to watch the Giants and Mets in action. Well there fans, was a sight, as there by third base there was a player rolling and moaning on the ground. All the players were gathered around him, so I took in the accident, and there laying in front of me was the Giants third baseman Dino. As I had explained to me what happened, I knew right there and then that

(cont. page 16)



1964

PEN CL



CLIPPERS

1964

should be awarded the actor of the month, for sports fans, Dino was not hurt, he was just making his point heard to the umpire. Like the A. League, B. League's finals stand at three games to two, in the best of seven series. Likewise in the C. League finals.

So in the next month's issue of the Pathfinder, we hope to have all the results of the Leagues up to date and will bring them to you.

The centre spread of this month's Pathfinder contains a picture of the PEN CLIPPERS, they are, from left to right. Front row: K. Shingoose, 2nd base. R. Fontaine, Coach. S. Bergen, Catcher. D. Kinny, 3rd Base. G. Mack, Outfield. Back Row: A. Smith, 2nd. Base. M. Yaggey Pitcher. R. Henderson, 1st. Base. G. Huppe, Manager. J. Pollock, Outfield. D. Sheersmidt, Outfield. J. Quiring, 2nd. Base., and B. Evans, Outfield and 1st. Base.

I don't know if Kelly of the C. League is a champion by now, but the other day as I was taking in the movies, this here Kelly came strolling up to me, pulled out his T.M.'s and right there and then I knew he wanted something. "Say Jerry," he blaers, "how come no write about our C. League." I explain to him that the play-offs are in full swing and I would say something if he would sit down. Well believe it or not this here Kelly asks to play for the A. League Raiders. So what is a man supposed to say to a player like this.

Sports fans there's SAD news in Clipper Stadium today, yes very sad, so out with the hankies, but first reach for a drink, any kind of drink, Burpsi Cola, or whatever you may have.

Yes, after the mighty Clippers winning the League Championship, they lost the best of three semi-final, with the first game being tied and being called because of the curfew. So now losing only two games all year, the Clippers will have to wait till next year. So now all you sport fans just dry your tears and put your money on the Edmonton Eskimos. In the meantime here's my pick for the Western Football League:- 1. B.C. Lions, 2. Saskatchewan, 3. Calgary, 4. Winnipeg, 5. Edmonton. Crazy eh. With a little bit more luck and a few more 58 yard field goals, the Esks will give the Stamps a run.

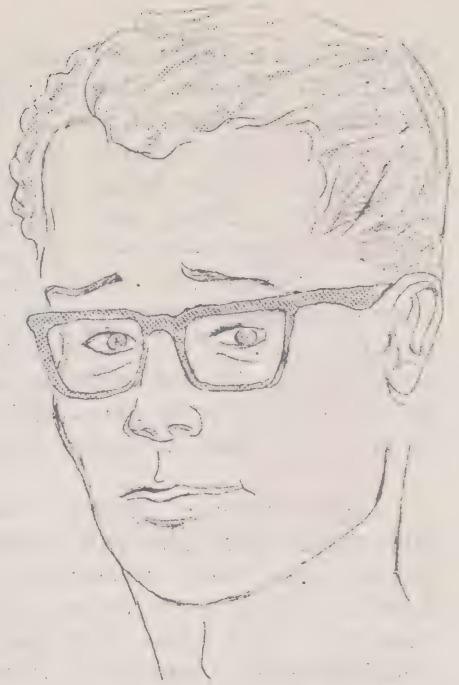
The picture on the right is Stan Bergen, our July 1st Athlete of the day.

Good Sports to all - Jerry Huppe.



here and there

by vern larsen



As the summer sports schedules draw to a close, heralding the end of another ridiculous Saskatchewan summer, the wheeler dealers are diligently preparing for the winter long battle with the administration. Turkey Joe Toner is scurrying about wheedling pledges for his bridge tournaments, and the Inmates Recreation Committee, (whatever happened to the pre-election promise of weekly burlesque shows) has started a slam-bang, all-or-nothing drive to get us pink tapioca pudding every second Wednesday.

The signs are clear; autumn is near; take heed, and get your bribe for a warm cell in to Red early this year.

A Really Big Shew: All the rock and rollers are in a frenzy of excitement over the return of Carl Rumor. Carl, they tell me, sings, plays a git-box, blows a sax, and, next to our editor, is the best stand-up comedian we've

ever had. Welcome home Carl.

Speaking of rock and roll, man these Impacts of ours are way out. Every other evening they meet in a womb sized room with three electric guitars and a set of drums. The three axe-men turn up all the volume knobs two slots past very loud, Krupa Bayunton grabs his ball bearing tipped drum-sticks, someone hollers 1, 2, 3, GO, and loose she cuts, let me tell you.

Thus Spake Makohonick: One often heard complaint from our critics is this little gem; "No matter how much we try to do for you convicts, you always seem to find something-or-other to gripe about."

The best retort I've heard to date comes from Philbert Makoho-

nick. Old Philosopher Phil says, "Well I, for one, always complain or criticize the things I do not like; that's my nature. And I just plain don't like being here. And short of giving me unlimited freedom, (hardy-har-har) nothing you do for me will ever make my stay a pleasant one; only a less painful one. To ask me to stop complaining is the same as asking me to enjoy it in here. And that, is just too much to ask.

Costa Nostra: Among the many questions my folks ask about this place is, "What on earth is this Boccia thing you boys play in there?" Well Mom, Boccia is an Italian game something like lawn bowling (without a lawn) that was donated by a member of the Brotherhood who stayed here for a short while. As far as I know, we are the only Pen. in Canada that has such a game. It's "our thing."

Observations: It is a quality of men that they are able to adjust to almost any circumstances, and convicts are a prime example of adjustment. When about 700 men are crammed into a small building you can imagine the problems that arise. To enable ourselves to live among one another in peace, a code of ethics is self-imposed upon a convict that would do justice to a monastery. For one thing, convicts have a high degree of tolerance for each other; and have a respect for each other's property that borders on religion. The car-

dinal sin of the big house, I would say, is to steal something belonging to a fellow inmate, and to go into another person's cell without permission is unthinkable.

There is little privacy here, (even calls to nature are performed in view of anyone who passes by) and modesty is a wasted virtue. To break the rules without the guards finding out is possible of course, (there's not enough of them to watch you every minute) but to try and keep a deed from the eyes of the inmate body, to say the least, is very hard. And this brings us to a rule that is common to every prison in the world. You keep your big mouth shut at all times. The penalty for breaking this rule is extreme and its application is automatic.

Thank Yous: As we went to press it was found that we had neglected to thank all the many kind people who have become Pathfinder boosters of late. Through this column then, on behalf of all the inmates, we send a special note of thanks to: Miss M. Kassagard, of the P.A. Herald; Eva Reid, of the Albertan; Lex Schrag, of the Toronto Globe & Mail; and Dan Worden of C.K.O.M. Radio, Saskatoon.

We would also like to thank Dave Balone of the Montreal Canadians and The Six Bohemian Brewery of P.A. for the loan of the film "Stanley Cup, 1964", it was enjoyed by all.

GETS LONGEST RECORDED PRISON TERM

from the SPECTATOR - Jackson, Mich.

The longest recorded prison sentence is one of 300 years awarded on March 21st, 1951 in the Western District Court of the U.S. in Oklahoma to William Edward Cook. The charge was upon 5 counts of kidnapping upon which he received 60 years for each count to run consecutively. After having been received at Alcatraz to commence his 300 years, Cook was sentenced for murder in the first degree and executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin State Prison, California, on Dec. 12th, 1952...

DAILY COLONIST, VICTORIA, B.C. July 12/64.

Vancouver (CP) Peter Stein, assistant director of the John Howard Society here, says fewer prisoners are being released on parole this year from the British Columbia penitentiary.

Mr. Stein blames the decrease on the shortage of federal analysts in Ottawa to handle applications.

He said an average of six prisoners a month have been paroled from the penitentiary so far this year. He compared this with the parole rate of 15 per month last year.

Mr. Stein said the federal staff which receives parole applications and compiles reports for the federal parole board has only two members.

He claimed the federal parole board was budgeted for five analysts but never had more than three at any time.

The lack of staff has resulted in prisoners waiting up to eight months instead of the normal four, he said.

OLD PROVERB (via THE GRAPEVINE)

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him to fish and he will eat for the rest of his life.

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City Room

by don cotham

Pale moonlight glowing thru

The neon ticking and flashing - on-off - on-off
and silence.

A whisper of traffic and
papers blowing in empty streets
and nothing.

A welling loneliness
a bursting -- wanting -- waiting
for what?

A deep need ----
a crying for something lost
or maybe never had.

A fear ---- a nothing
and emptiness
why live?

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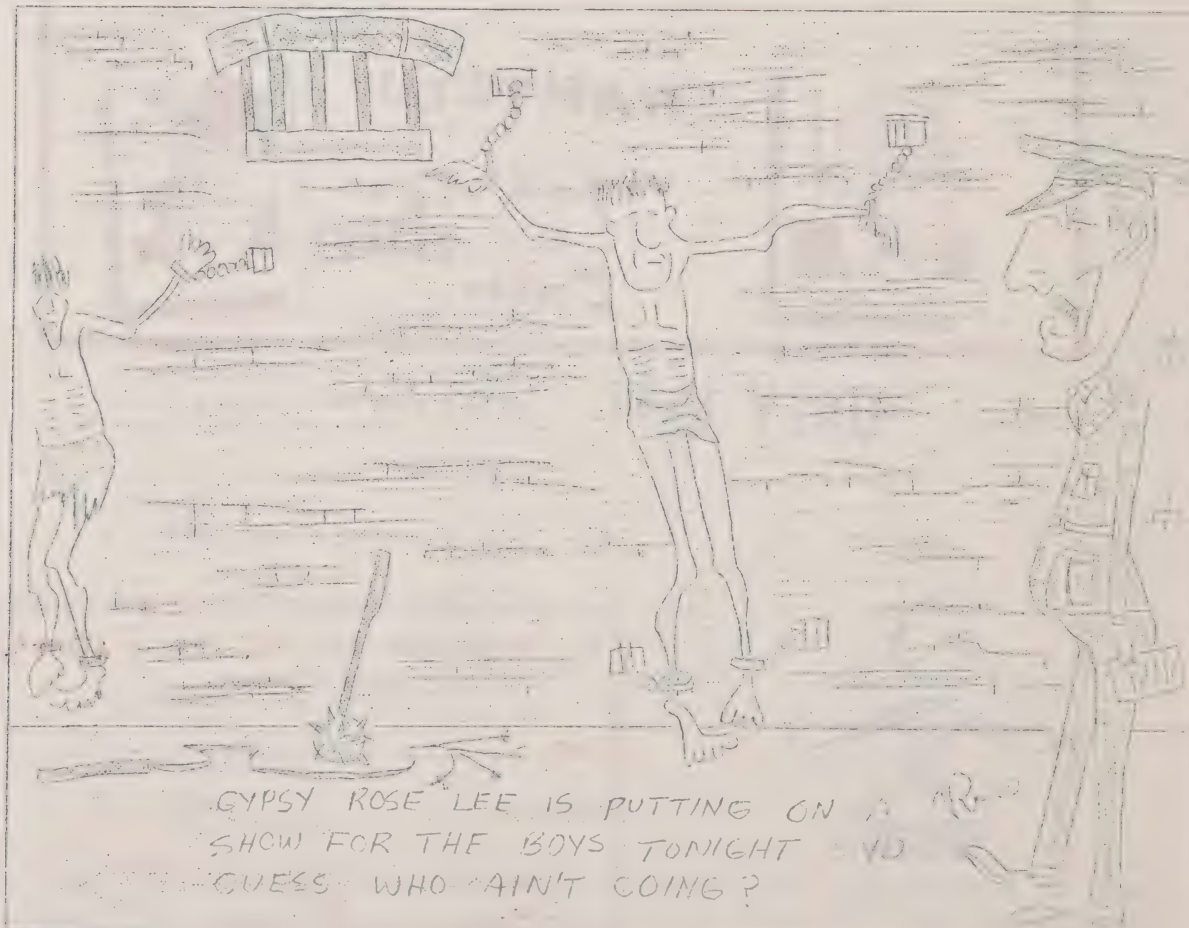
WOE TO YE, WITNESS!

"Are you positive," demanded the defense attorney, "that the accused is the man that stole your car?"

"Well," the witness stammered, I was until you started cross-examining me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car.

(via THE PRISON MIRROR)

2011



Gavel Club

During the past month the Gavel Club activities have speeded up considerably. We are constantly bringing new members in and our quota of twenty-five is soon going to be far too small. There seems, with the coming winter, to be a new, fresh interest taken in club activities. This is probably because the members know how severe the Saskatchewan winters are and how much warmth is afforded by our regular Wednesday night meetings. At least this is how I feel.

The new executive are in full swing and are doing a excellent job so far. A few minor difficulties have been cleared out of the way, and the club is looking forward to six full months of unimpeded progress. No-one since the club's beginning, has ever attained the certificate of completion of the Toastmasters twelve speech course in effective public speaking. This is not very impressive to have to own up to, but we have high hopes of overcoming it in the next few months. There are several members who are far past the half-way mark and they show no intention of slowing down. They must, however, take their respective turns and preference is never shown to anyone. I think, that by time winter is passed, at least one of the hard-core members will have his certificate. I am speaking of course, of John Rafter, who is, to the pleasure of everyone that hears him, preparing for his number ten. John is one of the finest speakers in the club and we all look forward to his successful completion of the prescribed course.

Of the new members in the club, Vern Larson has perhaps best expressed his impressions of the meetings he has attended. In his ice breaker speech, Vern spoke eloquently of the wall, or his protective shell, that an individual in prison invariably sets up around him. He then went on to say, and show, how standing at the lectern of the Per Se Gavel Club denies the existence of this wall as no where else in prison. He stated that for an individual to communicate properly with his fellow men, which is one of the prime objectives of Toastmasters, such a wall must come down, must be torn down if necessary. This speech was one of the most effective Ice Breakers ever given in the club to date, and Vern is certainly to be congratulated on his fine delivery and obvious sincerity.

(Gavel Club cont)

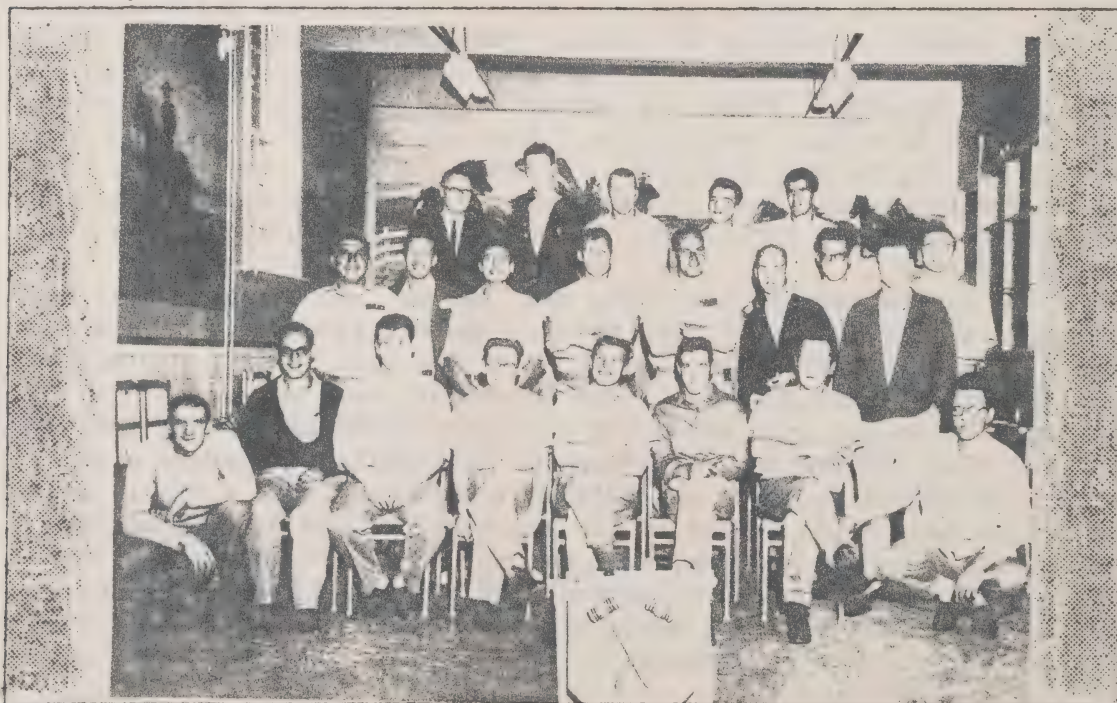
Eddie Graves, sometimes-clown of the club, pleasantly surprised all members the other night by delivering one of the finest speeches ever heard in the Club. Eddie's topic was music, and what music means to him. The sincerity with which Eddie made this speech was so apparant that it was palpably felt by every man in the room. He scored a tremendously high vote of praise from his critic and a hard, well deserved round of applause from the membership. Congratulations, Eddie!

The picture below is of the membership as a whole, including our counsellor. It was taken by Freddie Shatford, our inmate photographer, on the night of our banquet, August 12th.

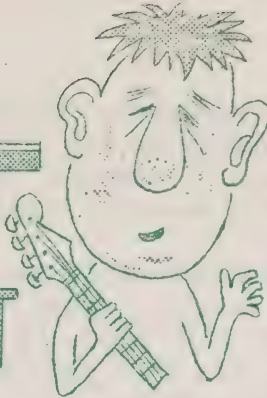
Front Row Left to Right: Doug Bevans, Mourice Lambert, Jack Garreau, Ralph Scott, Bill Chomiak, Blair Bothwell, Jack Miller, Eddie Graves.

Second Row Left to Right: Joe Breland, John Rafter, Dusty Stahn, Ted Snowden, Vern Levy, Jim Frey, Vernon Larson, Marv Green, Murray Berford.

Back Row Left to Right: Mr. McLeode (counselor), Russ Fortin, John Willson, Rod Brown, Marcell Vouclair.



MUSIC — BEAT



by
Don Ross

troupe entertains here

The morning of August the 8th saw the auditorium filled to capacity in anticipation of seeing a good show. No one was disappointed. Tommy McLure, 80 year old producer of the show, was the first man to appear on stage. He is a true performer of the old school type and his jokes went over with great success. He told us quite a bit about the history of the show itself, and of the performers we could expect to see. He then introduced the M.C. of the show, Mr. Paul Collier, who proved to be one very funny man. He developed, through the adroit use of good humor, almost instant rapport with the audience and soon had all the men choking with laughter with his fast, Runyonesque patter.

After introducing the members of the band, Paul called out the first act. The first act proved to be a bevy of beautiful bodies known as the "Buccaneer Beauties." And man, what beauties they were: they were gorgeous, sumptuous, sexy and, if anybody noticed, they were pretty good dancers too. Those groovy gals were all decked out in colorful pirate outfits, even to the high black boots (not too high though). When they went off after their number the applause was so deafening it made a Beatle concert sound like a Sunday School Picnic when all the kids are home-sick. Like it was loud man, loud.

Next on tap was "Captain Kidd and the Kidds", an acrobatic trio consisting of a young man and two tiny tots, a boy and a girl, who were only three years old. This act, I think, surprised everyone pre-



sen". Its not every day you see a child of three hold up a grown man in a hand-stand is it? These kids were cute and full of fun, winning the hearts of everyone watching, and probably causing a lot of men to think and remember their own little ones at home.

Paul kept the show running smoothly and the next act he introduced was Kathy McBain. Kathy has done extensive work on T.V. in eastern Canada, and has appeared on some top musical shows in Toronto and Montreal. Here is a girl with a warm, compelling voice and a pleasing style. Most of the selections that Miss McBain sang were from well known Broadway shows, such as Oklahoma and Stop The World I Wanna Get Off. Being of Scottish decent (the greatest) Kathy did a couple of well remembered Scottish numbers. Her vibrant style and vivacious shape won everyone over to her side, especially John McIntosh, to whom she dedicated a number. John was the color of a stop light during the entire rendition, but I know that he enjoyed it very much. We all did.

The last act on this truly tremendous variety show was a great juggler. He began his number by juggling three heavy ten pins in the air. He then progressed to four pins, which is no mean juggling feat in any circles. Then came some real fancy twirling with the fire torches. This naturally caused a few nostalgic tears to flow from the eyes of our better known arsonists. After the torches, the juggler mounted a six foot unicycle and raced madly around the stage, again waving his ten pins. He then jumped down, scooped up three bright and heavy, and sharp looking axes, and remounted another unicycle: a twelve foot unicycle. When he started juggling the axes from this high perch, pedalling around our small stage at the same time, I noticed a few front row men starting to perspire a little. I could almost read their minds. "What a way to go, a juggler's axo stuck in my head!" It was very humorous to watch them wince every time he came near the edge of the stage, but I was glad at the same time I was in the third row. This extremely dangerous act came to a thunderously successful conclusion however, and was definitely the highest highlight of an all-star show.

The "Buccaneer Beauties" closed off the show with a leggy dance to the tune of Al Hirt's "Java."

The curtain was then reluctantly closed to bring to an end one of the best shows that ever has come here. It will be remembered by all for many months to come.

-----don.

Penal Press Review

Rod McDonald

GREEN MOUNTAIN GRAPHIC, Vermont State Prison, Vermont:

We just received your August issue. The arrangement you have where inmates can send out a copy of your mag, for six cents, to anyone on their mailing list sounds interesting and should promote circulation. Also noted, that you have one of our ex-librarians - Fayette Laquerre on your Editorial staff. We knew you had capabilities, Gene.

NEW ERA, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Congratulations on your 50th year of Penal publishing and also on your excellent Anniversary issue which has just arrived. New Era has greatly helped the cause. This publication, which was first printed on Feb. 27, 1914, is rated by many readers as No. 1 over 200 American and Canadian prison magazines, and is released four times a year.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES, Stony Mountain, Man:

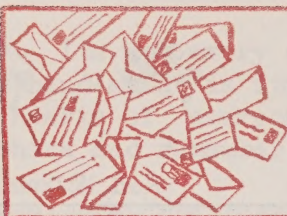
Your July-August issue was quite interesting. There are quite a few inquiries each month for it and we are putting this copy on the line. Our Editor is making arrangements to have a Farm-Annex section in the Pathfinder, in the near future, similar to yours.

PRESIDIO, Iowa State Pen., Madison, Iowa.

Your reprint "Weekend Visits For Prisoners" via The Grapevine is certainly making news in other penal magazines as well. This article deals with our Commissioner of Penitentiaries A.J. Macleod's proposal to allow prisoners weekends with the family, unescorted, if they have earned them through good behaviour. Aimed particularly at the married man this plan is being impatiently awaited by many of our population.

THANK YOU, The Menard Time, The Spectator, About Face, Arizona Advocate, The Beacon (Dorchester), and all others for your exchanges. Also if any members of the Penal Press are receiving British Pen. Mags. we would appreciate getting their addresses if your censor will allow.

Inside Readers: Any inmate interested in sending the Pathfinder to anyone - anywhere, contact this writer at F-2-7 for a subscription form (also available at the radio room). A gift card will be enclosed with each subscription on request.



to the editor

Dear Sir:

You were kind enough to send the June issue of your magazine to The Globe and Mail; eventually, it was passed along to me. For four years I wrote bits and pieces for the Diamond, the Collin's Bay Penitentiary magazine. Unfortunately, it seems to have died an unnatural death.

At any rate, I scanned The Pathfinder carefully but, I'm sorry to say, found nothing in the June edition I could steal. It was a nicely produced magazine, though it seems to me the hand of the management bears rather heavily on it.

If you are interested beyond the bars, let me suggest that more complete surveys of inmate opinion get a good deal of public attention. You interviewed only half a dozen men about dissociation; what would have roused more public and newspaper interest would have been a poll of, say, 100 or more inmates, with a tabulation of their views and one or two direct quotes.

May I offer a suggestion I was saving for The Diamond? Why not get a dozen or more of your more literate boarders to describe the sort of world in which they would like to live, limiting them to a 100 or 150 words? If you invite the composition of such Utopias, make it plain that the social structures they suggest must be sound, practicable systems.

For ten years I did a weekly column. Enclosed is the last of these, which has some bearing on a major problem among penitentiary inmates. You are welcome to use it if you see fit.

Another department I believe is vital to a magazine such as yours is letters to the editor - particularly from people outside the institution. Agreed, it is not easy to stimulate public interest, but it is worth the effort.

If you feel I can be of any help to you, please let me know; if you produce an issue which you feel would be particularly appealing to the press, please send a copy of it to the City Editor of this sheet (I'll be on holidays all through September). In the meantime, the best of luck, and keep writing.

Yours truly,
Lex Schrag.

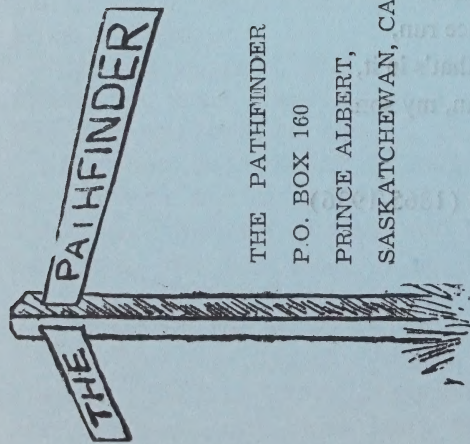
== IF ==

"If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster;
And treat those two imposters just the same,

"If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone;
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on",

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, what is more, you'll be a man, my son."

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)



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